



LUNDY'S LANE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



MILITARY RE-INTERMENT.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA:
1891.

THE RECORD PRINTING HOUSE.

MILITARY RE-INTERMENT

OF ELEVEN SOLDIERS (OF THE 89TH AND 103RD REGIMENTS), KILLED
IN BATTLE AT LUNDY'S LANE, JULY 25TH, 1814 THE REMAINS
WERE DISCOVERED IN A DISTANT TRENCH, SEPT. 3RD, 1891,
AND WERE RE-INTERRED IN LUNDY'S LANE CEME-
TERY, AT 2 P.M., OCT. 17TH, 1891.

A BRIEF STATEMENT.

THE interesting discovery of eleven soldiers' remains was made while men were digging and beginning to extend an already extensive sand-pit, on Sep. 3, 1891. After some delay, information was given to members of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, who immediately began to take steps in order to obtain a legal possession of all the remains and relics which might be found on the private property. This was obtained, and a further right—to continue the search by excavations. The place of discovery is about 140 yards north of the crest of "the Lundy's Lane" hill.

Among the relics are :

A portion of an officer's coat, consisting of the lower part of the back, and flaps of the swallow-tail (regulation pattern). The scarlet has become a tan colour, and the lace retains some of its original bright threads of silver and gold.

Several buttons, marked 89 and 103.

A piece of a soldier's shako.

Pieces of belt, with buckles.

A port-fire box.

A knife.

A writer in the Toronto Empire of Sept. 8, quotes the following figures from Capt. E. Cruikshank :—

"The losses of the 89th, to which regiment this tunic belonged, and which suffered the most severely of all the troops engaged that day, were:—Two officers and 27 N. C. O. and men killed; eleven officers and 177 N. C. O. and men wounded, and 37 N. C. O. and men missing: and as the two officers killed were Capt. Spooner and Lieut. Latham, one of the skeletons found must be that of one of them.—[Total, 254.]

"The 89th, under Col. Morrison, were the heroes of 'Chrysler's Farm,' which put an end, the year before, to the formidable invasion of Lower Canada; they had arrived at York on the 21st July with Sir Gordon Drummond, from Kingston, and immediately embarked for Niagara.

"The 103rd were, like the 41st, a 'boy-regiment,' and on this account were not permitted during the previous year to serve in the field, but kept on garrison duty. They were part of Scott's Brigade, that made the famous march of more than 20 miles (part of the distance having been doubled on account of countermanding orders) from St. Catharines, then known as 'The Twelve,' on the afternoon of the 25th, and readily engaged the enemy at 9 o'clock.

"It was at such an 'evening service'—held, not in the church, though in its very yard, and to which they were summoned, not by the vesper bell, but by the booming of cannon and the murderous rattle of musketry—that the lads of the 103rd received their 'baptism' of fire."

We take the liberty of appending the following lines suggested by the late anniversary services in the burial ground at Lundy's Lane, July 25th, 1891. They truly and very touchingly relate to all those brave defenders who fell at that battle :

AMONG THE DEAD AT LUNDY'S LANE.

Here lie our heroes, o'er their breasts we reverently tread ;
 'Tis sacred ground, where calmly rests the ever-living dead.
 Here lie our heroes ; side by side upon this green hill's brow
 They bravely stood, and nobly died, and sleep together now.

Here loyal British freemen fought for freedom, home, and right ;
 And here invading foes were taught how British freemen fight.
 A thousand times have Britain's sons made British valor plain,
 But ne'er was fiercer battle won, than that at Lundy's Lane.

'Tis brave to scale the bristling height, or cross the fire-swept field ;
 But braver, hand to hand to fight outnumbered, and not yield.
 And on these heights our fathers fought far, far into the night ;
 Of duty, home, and God they thought, but never thought of flight.

For eight long hours they bore the shock and carnage of the fray,
 Till, valiant sons of noble stock, they won the fateful day.
 And when at midnight, sore distressed, their beaten foemen fled,
 The wearied soldiers sank to rest and slept among the dead.

These are our heroes sleeping here ; their glory too is ours ;
 And so we'll come from year to year to deck their graves with flowers.
 And, standing by their tombs, we'll tell the story o'er and o'er :
 How brave they were, how true, how well they fought in days of yore.

And patriot hearts will swell with pride to hear those stories told ;
 And young Canadians side by side will stand, like those of old,
 United ever, heart and hand to guard what they revere :
 Their honor, freedom, native land, and all true men hold dear.

THE ARRANGEMENTS MADE FOR RE-BURIAL.

IT was arranged that on Saturday, 17th October, at 2 p.m., the duty of re-interring the eleven remains should be fulfilled. Several thousands of people were assembled on Main Street and Lundy's Lane and on the cemetery hill, from which there was a grand view. The village shops were closed, and never did village appear to greater advantage. The avenues of trees were lovely with autumn foliage tints, the afternoon sun was very bright, and the air clear and genial. The procession up Lundy's Lane hill was most imposing. The solemn strains of the band impressed all with the solemnity of the occasion, and gave rise to many thoughts of reverence for the past, and humble pious hope of the future.

The military contingent, furnished by permission of Gen. Herbert for the occasion, consisted of Troop A., St. Catharines; Cavalry Troop D., Queenston, and Troop E., Welland—in all, 100 officers and men, and of Infantry a large representation from all the Companies of the 44th Battalion, including its excellent band and a Company of the 39th—in all, about 250 men, in command of Col. Morin and Major Vidal. The detachment arrived from camp at Niagara, the Cavalry at noon and the Infantry at 1.45 p.m. Having partaken of lunch in the Town Hall, the troops marched up to Main Street, and when opposite the rooms of the L. L. H. S. the pall-bearers, Capt. McMicking, No. 6 Co.; Capt. Vandersluys, No. 1 Co., and Adj. Hill, of the 44th, representing the Infantry, and Major Currie, Capt. Servos and Capt. Burch, representing the three troops of cavalry, carried the casket out in the procession. It was wrapped in the Union Jack and on top lay some choice bouquets of flowers that had been placed there by the kind hand of Mrs. McFarlane. On the casket was a card bearing the following inscription :

H. M. 89TH AND 103RD REGIMENTS.

Remains of eleven soldiers killed in battle July 25th, 1814;

Re-interred Oct. 17th, 1891,

by the

Lundy's Lane Historical Society.

When the solemn pageant began to move towards the historical cemetery the procession was in the following order :

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- 44th Battalion Band, 20 pieces.
- No. 1 Co. 44th Battalion, Capt. Vandersluys, 30 men.
- No. 6 Co., Capt. McMicking, 36 men.
- Pallbearers carrying casket with remains.
- No. 3 Co., Capt. Greenwood, 30 men.
- No. 4 Co., Capt. Cruikshank, 31 men.
- No. 5 Co., Capt. Cohoe, 36 men.
- No. 7 Co., Capt. Clark, 31 men.
- No. 5 Co. Waterford 39th Battalion, Major York and Capt. Langs, 37 men.
- Co. E. Cavalry Troop, St. Catharines, Capt. Gregory, 35 men.
- Co. D. Queenston, Capt. Servos, 35 men.
- Co. A. Welland, Capt. Burch, 30 men.
- Majors Buchner and Currie.
- Pupils of the High and Public Schools of the Village, numbering some 200,
in charge of Principals Orr and Morris.
- Members of Lundy's Lane Historical Society, with badges.
- Citizens.

In command of the Infantry were Lieut.-Col. Morin, Majors Vidal, Raymond and Bender, and Adj. Hill and Lieut.-Col. Gregory commanded the Cavalry. At least 3,000 spectators witnessed the pageant.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the grave, which is situated at the north-east end of the Royal Scots trench and upon the site where the battery stood during the bloody battle, the militia formed a square around the grave, and the great procession stood in order, surrounded by other multitudes. The President of the L. L. Historical Society, Rev. Canon Bull, then delivered the address :

ADDRESS

BY THE PRESIDENT L. L. H. S., AT THE RE-INTERMENT.

TODAY, as representatives of Canada's loyal people, and specially of "The Lundy's Lane Historical Society," we are assembled to fulfil a duty of loyalty and Christian respect, which we individually esteem as a high honor committed to us.*

The duty of loyalty and respect which we are called upon to fulfil relates to a quiet and reverential re-interment of the mortal remains of eleven soldiers of the 89th and 103rd Regiments, who fell here on the 25th July, 1814. Our proceedings to-day are quiet and reverential; QUIET, I mean, in contrast with the fierce strife and din of warfare then, and REVERENTIAL, in a qualified sense, compared with the hurried work of burial, and the few words said, if any at all, after battle, but not more reverential otherwise than at that first interment, when comrades were hastily called together to bury their dead, and silent tears were shed, just as many hearts feel most when lips move not. A British poet has given us, with tender feeling, the well-known words on the Burial of Sir John Moore, 1809, which also apply to those who fell in 1814:

"Not a drum was heard, nor funeral note
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero lies buried."

—Rev. C. Wolfe.

On the 3rd September last, a little more than 77 years since the Battle of Lundy's Lane, the discovery of these remains was made in yonder sand field, about 140 yards north from this open grave—

"Upon this hill, where now we gently tread
'Mid grass and stones, mementoes of the dead."

—Curzon.

* The 44th Battalion and three troops of cavalry (Welland), 25 officers and 300 men were present, also a large number of High School students and children of several public schools, the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and many delegates from other Societies.

So, with tender memories, with Christian rite and ceremony, and military honors, we have come to-day to re-commit these eleven to the quiet grave to be disturbed again no more until the day of the great Resurrection trumpet-call. The remains of two are probably those of Captain Spooner and Lieut. Latham, of the 89th; the other nine are those of soldiers of the 89th and 103rd regiments. Feeling a deep sense of duty and respect, our Vice-President, J. A. Orchard, Dr. H. Cook, J. C. Hull, W. Dalton and others, have zealously endeavoured to collect all that was possible, and to arrange for this solemn occasion. The incident of the discovery enables us in some measure to show that as a Society we desire to testify to the memories of the men of 1812-14, and give tenderest respect to this group of comrades found in yonder trench after the lapse of so many years. This little plot of ground now allotted to these brothers-in-arms shall be their more fitting resting-place henceforth, until the whole earth and sea itself shall give up their dead by the Word of our God.

The scant relics of military dress, of buttons, helmets and belts, etc., found at this discovery shall be carefully kept in memory of the 89th and 103rd Regiments, so many of whose men fell here in battle. Alas! that such battle or any of the contests waged along this frontier-line were ever necessary to repel invaders who had no righteous cause for their invasions during a period of nearly three years.

If we are divinely taught to forgive our enemies, still we may not forget those men of the times—our countrymen—who successfully withstood repeated cruel attacks; we may not forget the men and women of Upper Canada who protected and preserved all this land to be handed down to our posterity for all time to come. Nor may we forget to give due respect to sacred remains such as these, but in the spirit of Christian brotherhood sprinkle over them, as of old, the thrice-repeated dust of earth, "*pulvis exigui parva munera*" (Horace, i., 28), with reverence, and in humble, blessed hope.

This task of re-interring is one of duty and piety. "Bury me with my fathers," was once the wish of the Patriarch Jacob (Genesis, xlix., 29); so, too, the pious charge of the Patriarch Joseph (Genesis, l., 25), and of the aged Barzillai (2 Samuel, xix., 37). So, now, these mortal remains seem to say: Place us amid our comrades! This we do. The re-interment of friends or kindred is sometimes an act of obedience, or duty when possible, as well as of piety, when, *e.g.*, the old farm burial plot is exchanged and God's acre is chosen instead, for its restful shades close by some House of God.

I add briefly: The circumstances of this occasion are, doubtless, sufficiently known to all present to-day. It is to our Society the first occasion of the kind; it may not be the last. No marks but two were left to show the graves or trenches of full 1,000 men who fell here 77 years ago, and, strange to say, one mark denotes the grave of Lieut. William Hemphill, of the Royals, and the other denotes the grave of Capt. Abram Hull, 9th U. S. Infantry, as if enough to show for all the rest of friends or foes. Other grave-stones tell the names of Bishopp, Patteson, Torrens, Gordon, who fell elsewhere, and are resting here. Trenches deep and many, we may believe, were made HERE and THERE, on THIS and THAT side of Lundy's Lane, as might best serve convenience and quick despatch of burial; and so, in time, we may suppose, other distant trenches will yet be found, as the busy hand of man turns up the soil or digs deep the earth for new foundations, and will bring, perchance, to view more tokens of the battle. Later members of our Society may have many tasks of duty and piety to fulfil like ours here to-day. Plainly we see how such a Society is most useful and necessary too, in many ways. On occasion like this, its members, from a spirit of Christianity and patriotism, seek to prevent disrespect to the dead by any semblance of neglect on their part, and by forbidding any acts of vandalism on the parts of others; they seek to insist upon due respect being shown for the dead, and the place where they lie—the old or young, the rich or poor, the known or the unknown; they seek to bestow honour to whom honour is due, IN MEMORIAM, honour to the Christian benefactor, the statesman, patriot, soldier—Regular or Volunteer. For these, and such as these, promoters and defenders of their country, The Lundy's Lane Historical Society will seek at all times to give honour as far as possible, by inscribing their names, and so perpetuating their memories through succeeding generations in this fair Canada of ours.

After the President's address, Rev. E. J. Fessenden, an active member of the L. L. H. S., was invited to speak, which he did in the following earnest, impressive language:

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us, their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.—Eccl. xlv. 13-14.

I am sure the eager, anxious question of every heart here is, how can we, through this opportunity that has come to us, in these sacred and filial rites the living may pay their dead, give most reverent and seemly expression to our gratitude and patriotic devotion to the heroes of this battle-field? We are the heirs of their self-devotion; by the sacrifice of their lives they bequeathed to us the liberty and the sovereignty of the "old flag" that enfolds them in this soft autumnal light; Nature's opening of her year's burial service, which we this day have left to her—"They rest from their

labours, amid the sheen and glory, and their works do follow them." If we believe in the resurrection of the body, then the soldiers of Canada here to-day, in paying these sacred rites to their comrades, are not only true to the noblest and most beautiful sentiments and promptings of the human heart, but to deny this service to the dead would be to dishonour and outrage their persons as well as their name.

"The glory of children are their fathers," and the heroes of this field are our fathers still; during the 77 years that have come and gone since the terrible struggle on that July afternoon and night, nothing has broken the continuity of our national life, we still hold in our grasp the blossom ripening into fruit of the splendid destiny which God's purpose has marked out, through the deeds and principles of our fathers, for this Canada of ours. Canada, never the slave, is still the child and pupil of her past. Hers is still the rich inheritance of inspiration and guidance her heroes have left her. Her past still finds place, as a noble stanza, in that epic, greater than Homer's, the age-long past of our empire and race. After these 77 years the old flag still waves over this battle-field; these heights still rejoice at the touch of the measured tread of England's "red line" of defence against all oppression and wrong. The cause of the United Empire, dear to the heart of these heroes, is still triumphant on Canadian soil, and as we value all this, so is our gratitude to those who preserved it to us by a bravery and devotion unparalleled in modern times. Our gratitude will be deep and fervent as we recognize this freedom to be unique in the world, having within it the Holy Grail of national life. Contrast our freedom, for one moment, with that of two of the most resplendent and glorious of the nations: The freedom of France cries, Give me France that I may give her glory! American freedom is founded upon the philosophy that all men are free and equal, and no one should be interfered with in his pursuit of happiness. This type of freedom, to which the American and French belong, makes the national life of man nothing more than that of a time-creature. It takes thought of nothing more than man's relations with his fellow. It gives to our national life no recognition of God and our obligation to Him. It gives the nation no freedom to feel itself seized of any Christian responsibilities or duties. In striking contrast to this, English freedom, in its birth, is the child of a great religious and missionary effort. Its growth, in the beginning, was the development of the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed in the life of the land. This freedom of England signals to us in the cross on her flag as the inspiration of our life, that she "expects every man to do his duty" in the fear of God and in loving devotion to Fatherland. Her ideal of highest prosperity is not to be had in self-glorification or in kitchen politics. The legend of her house is: "Man shall not live by bread alone." And this English freedom, our English Constitution, rational, ordered, God-fearing, that through centuries has advanced from stage to stage of progress, deliberate, calm, never breaking with her past, but making every fresh gain the basis of a new success, enlarging her peoples' liberty while bating nothing of the height and force of individual development, has given us our English Empire, the crowning glory of Time and Nature, dowered by the ages with poetry and beauty, all that can charm the imagination and win the loving loyalty of the better feelings and higher intelligence of mankind. And this freedom and its sovereignty has been bequeathed to us, and hallowed for us, by the heroes whose memories we would lovingly honour to-day.

It cannot, it must not be, that we shall ever surrender the priceless blessing they have handed down to us. Were we ever to do this we would have the execrations of those who came after us, instead of the loving, tender remembrance we pay the fathers of our national life to-day. No! our Loyalist Fathers gave to Canada her English nationality to be our Canadian sentiment and instinct, made up of memory and hope; our national spirit, which swells every Canadian's heart, makes what else would be common earth, our fatherland of loyal English life, sacred and dear, sending up to us brave messages from her loyal past and bright prophecies of her future; a future ever revealing the lofty secret of her parentage and destiny; a future that, issuing forth from these heroic heights, and broadening our Canadian Dominion like our Lower St. Lawrence, shall merge into the world-wide Imperial responsibilities, powers and glories of the United Empire, enthroned amid her world-encircling seas, and sceptred with her never-setting sun.